

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THREE GREAT DAYS OF HISTORY.*

Three days have dawned in History since

human life began,

Each lifting to a higher plane the mystic
state of man;

The first was when Law came to men, and
God on Sinai spoke;

Then awful order was proclaimed—the Day
of Terror broke.

The second day rose pure and mild, when
Jesus Christ was born;

Oh, what a holy light shone in upon that
blessed morn!

The world grown gray in error's way, that
hour renewed its youth;

And misty doubts were scattered by the holy
Sun of Truth;

But, when the inward Christ has come—when
Jesus reigns within—

When not the outward hell alarms, but the
inward hell of sin,

When Law and Light are merged in Life, the
holy Spirit-Dove

Shall dwell on earth in human hearts, in
God's great day of Love.

* These lines were suggested by a passage in Victor
Hugo's writings.

The last great day began to dawn, when
Jesus rose on high,
And towards its glorious day the sun climbs
slowly up the sky;
The Paraclete with noiseless feet from East
to West has gone,
And sheds soft peace from land to land, till
nations grow to one.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

WHAT IS THE CHIEF END OF MAN?

"Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the
whole duty of man."—ECCLESIASTES xii. 13.

"What is the chief end of man?" The
Westminster Catechism begins with this
question, and its answer is, "To glorify God,
and enjoy Him forever."

The question itself is not a mere theolog-
ical one, but eminently human. What is
man for? What is he meant to be? What
ought to be his own chief aim and purpose?
The more definite and clear our conception
on this point, the more will our life have a
purpose and move toward it. Such a clear
conviction of the object of our being gives
motive for effort, saves us from drifting,
unfolds the powers, and makes life seem
worth living.

But there are *various answers to this
question. Let us consider some of them.

1. The first is the answer of the Material-
ist. Man has *no* end for which to live.
There is nothing to which he can look for-
ward. This life exhausts his possibilities. He
is tossed up for a moment to the surface by
the ocean of circumstance, to sink back into it
again and disappear forever. Let him enjoy
the moment, it is all he has; but let him not
look to anything beyond. He comes here
as the result of certain molecular combina-
tions of material particles, and he cannot
alter or change his destiny. That depends
on the quality of his brain and nervous
fibre, over which he has no power.

This view is sometimes advanced as though
it were eminently scientific. But it is not so,
for true science observes and records all
facts. This theory omits to notice the deep-

est elements of humanity. It fails to see the power in the soul to grasp an aim and pursue it,—the sense of infinite truth and beauty which is in every mind as an ideal for aspiration and worship; the commanding voice of conscience, by obedience to which each man can rise above himself; the unmeasured and immeasurable force of the human will. It is blind to the great achievements of the soul; to the heroic devotion to truth, loyalty to duty, and persistent pursuit of some high aims which have lifted the race to a higher plane. The result of this theory is indolent acquiescence in things as they are. Its logical outcome would be pure passivity, and passivity has been well called the hell in man. This hypothesis would make the destiny of man to be like that of the rivers of Abana and Pharpar, which rise in the glorious mountain sides of Lebanon, which rush and foam, ripple and glitter along its sunny ravines, giving verdure to the plains and coolness and beauty to the gardens of Damascus, and then are lost in a marsh and come to nothing.

2. A little higher view than this is that which is called Hedonism, which makes personal happiness or pleasure the object of existence. This is the view taken by Epicurus in ancient times, and by Hobbes, Hartley, Mill, and others in modern days. Pope expresses it in his famous lines:—

"Oh, Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;

That something still which prompts th'
eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise . . .

Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere."

But, though happiness or enjoyment may be a temporary end and a momentary object, it cannot be the chief end of life. When we aim at other things, we may find happiness. When we aim directly at happiness, we miss it. It is the companion of faithful industry; it associates itself with generous action; it pours content and peace into the soul of the conscientious servant of duty. But it escapes the grasp of those who make it their chief end. This is a sufficient refutation of this theory.

3. Seeing this, modern utilitarians have modified the old Epicurean view, and have made the end of man to be "seeking the greatest good of the greatest number."

This is a real improvement, for it is in fact changing selfishness into benevolence. It means living to do all the good one can. As a rule of life, nothing can be better. It is identical with Christianity. It is an excellent rule, provided one can practise it. The difficulty I see is this, that it does not furnish any sufficient motive. It is like telling men to be virtuous. This is well; but what will make them so? I see a missionary, like Livingstone, devote his life to doing all the good he can to the savages of Africa. But, then, he has a motive. It is his faith in Christ. I see philanthropists, like the late Earl of Shaftesbury, or Sir Moses Montefiore, devoting themselves to help mankind. But each of them was a man of strong religious convictions. There may be special cases of those who are born philanthropists, who by nature enjoy doing good, and who have motive enough in themselves. But such men are rare. I doubt if this rule would enforce itself. And I see another deficiency in it. If one spend his whole life in doing good, I think he will at last find himself becoming a little empty. He will pour himself out till he has nothing left to give. In order to do good to others we must be receiving good ourselves. Benevolence alone tends to shallowness.

4. Seeing this, there has been proposed another aim of life; namely, growth, development, self-culture. Margaret Fuller says, "Very early I perceived that the end of life is to grow." The wise Goethe is the great apostle of self-culture in our day. And lately the doctrine of evolution has arrived to teach us that the object of the universe is growth, that all things are unfolding from lower forms to higher ones, and that therefore growth is the evident purpose and intention of the Creator. Dr. Channing also laid great stress on progress as a law of nature and of human life. It may be objected that, if we confine ourselves to seeking our own personal improvement, we neglect what we owe to others, and fail in benevolence. The answer often is that every well-developed soul must exercise a good influence on others. Only have enough of light in you, and your light will shine to cheer and warm other lives. Which does the most good, it may be asked, a professed philanthropist, even of the wisest kind, or a man like Emerson, who, in going up himself to a high plane, lifts his whole epoch with him? But to this we must reply that, while for a man like Emerson it was enough to live for growth and excellence, it would hardly work well to make this the exclusive rule for mankind. Certainly the tendency

to think only of one's own culture, progress, or salvation is toward selfishness. There are times when we must sacrifice what seems to us our own growth, in order to help others who need us. Here is a son who could earn enough for himself and have time for study. But his parent needs his aid, and he must give up his desired culture to accomplish the more urgent duty. Here is a daughter with taste and capacity for art. She could become eminent by giving all her time to it. But she has a sick mother who needs her care, and the good child renounces her hope of personal development to be a comfort to the failing days of her mother. Such things I have often seen, and I felt that by such sacrifices the highest development might come. Culture, like happiness, may sometimes come to us indirectly, when we are doing our common duties, more truly than when we directly aim at it.

5. This has led some persons to adopt another view of the aim of life. "Make it your aim," they say, "to do the nearest duty." The best object one can propose to himself, say they, is to walk directly forward on the road where you are placed, to meet every obligation as it comes, to employ your one talent or your five talents as well as you can. Do this, and more will be added. Be faithful in the least, and you shall be ruler over much. Respect the common things which are close at hand. Put your whole soul into them. Do to-day's work to-day, for

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet."

This also is an excellent rule. The only danger I can see here is that it may make us narrow. Always to look at the work which is close to us, to be absorbed in that, not to lift our eyes to see what is distant, to be blind to everything which does not concern our own town, our own street, our own family, is to lose the great inspirations which are moving the world in other spheres of thought and life,—the large questions which concern humanity.

All these rules are good, and all will help us and yet all of them seem to be a little defective, a little one-sided. Let us return and look again at the answer of the Assembly's catechism, which is that the chief end of man is "to glorify God, and enjoy Him forever." But the question arises, What is meant by this statement? What is meant by glorifying God and enjoying him forever?

To "glorify God" certainly cannot, in any reasonable view, mean only to praise him in

words by singing songs and psalms. It cannot be merely to say, "Glory, glory, glory, Lord God Almighty," or to sing *Te Deums* of thanksgiving. Gratitude is good; it is a blessed thing to have a sense of divine greatness and bounty. But words of praise, however sincere, are not the only way or the best way of glorifying God. Jesus has taught us a better way. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." To bear much fruit is to glorify God. Again, Jesus says: "I have glorified thee on the earth. I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." When we finish our work, we glorify God. To feel that a good life tends to glorify God by lifting others to a higher plane, where they can better see the divine glory, this is a new inspiration to action. The apostle says that, when looking at the life of Jesus, "We all, as in a glass, behold the glory of God." Jesus glorified God by helping men to see God's goodness reflected in his own life and character. And so every good man makes it more easy for others to see and adore the divine goodness. What is glory? It is radiance. It is the light which illuminates the earth. The divine glory is the radiance of goodness, beauty, wisdom, love, which comes down from God into human hearts. Jesus was a mediator of that divine glory, and all who received it from him became themselves radiant centres of that heavenly beauty. Therefore he says, "The glory thou gavest me I have given them."

We therefore glorify God whenever we bear good fruit. Every good action and good word, everything humane, pure, true, conscientious done by man is a revelation of God's glory, and so glorifies him. It is a new and powerful motive to fidelity to know that human goodness serves as a channel through which divine goodness flows into the world. Whoever adds something to the innocent joy of human life glorifies God. "Let your light shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Every good work done below glorifies God in heaven. It is impossible to understand the frequent and emphatic use of these phrases, "glory" and "glorify," in Scripture if we stop at their lowest meaning, that of outward praise and verbal thanksgiving. Glory evidently has a deeper sense. When Jesus says, "Father, glorify thy name," he surely is not asking God to accept praise. When he said, "Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in him," he said it in an hour when he was far removed from any earthly praise: he was then surrounded by opprobrium and

hatred. But the true glory of God was then shining through him in that time of outward humiliation. He was then, more than ever, a manifestation of the divine love to the human race, and this was his true glory. When he said of his disciples, "All mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them," he teaches us that, as the whole life of Jesus was a manifestation of God's glory, so the life of every one who has in him the spirit of Jesus is a radiation of his own great influence. We glorify Jesus, not by praising him, or saying, "Lord! Lord," but by becoming the channels through which his heavenly life is transmitted to our fellow-men.

Here, then, we reach the profound truth which unites all the other truths we have been considering. To do the greatest good to the greatest number, to develop and unfold all our powers, to fulfil every duty, however lowly,—these all are filled with life, energy, power, if we believe that by all of them we are making ourselves the mediums through which more of the divine truth and love may enter the world. Thus faith in God comes into the most intimate union with every part of our common life. Thus religion is not any separate belief or act, but the spirit which enters into all our actions. What an animating faith is this, that every time we do a righteous or a generous action we are in communion with the eternal light and love, with that

"Eternal fire which feeds each vital frame,
Collected or diffused, but still the same."

As one vast electric element penetrates all nature, and binds with its polar forces every material particle, so it is with the divine life. Some particles of matter transmit this force more easily, some are more resisting mediums; but all are moved by it, enveloped in it, and it vivifies nature. So we may be resisting mediums, refusing to transmit the heavenly life, or we may be fellow-workers with the saints and the household of God by our fidelity. When we see this, we shall do all things to the glory of God. This view makes religion reasonable, natural, human.

It was the faith of Jesus that all are co-workers with God whenever they do his will. Jesus said that his joy should be fulfilled in his disciples. His joy was to know that he was the blessed mediator of the Father's love, and this is the way in which we not only "glorify God," but "enjoy him forever." We receive his love when we give it to others. The flowing river is always receiving new supplies of water from its thousand springs. The lake, with an ever-running outlet, is fed

afresh from its hidden sources. And so we receive more life from God as we impart more life to man.

With this explanation, which I believe is in conformity with the usage of Scripture, how true is the answer of the catechism that the chief end of man is "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." The misty clouds which overhang the east become touched with rosy hues and burning gold when they receive the rays of the coming sun, still below the horizon. They glorify the sun, and the sun glorifies them. They become glad and beautiful heralds of the approaching day. We glorify God and are filled with his joy when we thus reflect and transmit his truth and love to other souls. So we do the greatest good to the greatest number; for what greater good can be done to man than to help him feel that he is the child of God? So we best perform the nearest duty; for how can we do our duties so well as when we are inspired by the conviction that God is working in us to will and to do of his good pleasure? So we unfold our own powers, and ascend in the scale of being, when this great motive causes us to forget what is behind and press on to that which is before. The higher our aim, the more it includes in itself all other aims.

And how much more outward work we can do when we have peace within! This simple faith in the ever-present, ever-flowing love of God, which we receive whenever we will, calms our anxieties, lifts us above doubts, and makes our life flow steadily and easily in channels of happy activity. All things then work together for our good. As every particle of matter, however small, is controlled and guided by the same law of gravitation which directs the starry clusters, so, no matter how weak and faulty we may be, we know we are led by the infinite love. And Jesus says, whenever we are in his spirit, "All mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." This glory Jesus "had with the Father before the world was." It was no accidental attainment, no result of past conditions, no mere outcome of national development; but it was foreordained for him and for us before the foundation of the world. It was in the divine purpose that we should be followers of God as dear children, walking in love as Jesus did; that we should glorify God by bearing much fruit, and be fellow-workers with the good of all lands and times. This is the chief end of man, to unite a serene trust in God with faithful service of our fellows; to look with confidence for that divinely helpful force by which we may do

every human duty; to grow up in all things, not by our own efforts alone, but by the concurrence of higher inspirations. This is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

It is faith in the unseen and eternal which gives substance to the things seen and temporal. We can spare anything else better than our faith in God. To live without God in the world is to live without hope in the world.

Not less, but more, of religion is what we need. To see God only as power may lead to a religion of superstition. To see him only as law may despoil our life of warmth and glow. To see the divine life only in the beauty of nature and art may end in a sentimental religion, lacking moral force. To see God only in the law of duty may result in a hard, technical, and merely moral religion. To see him only in the soul, may end in a mystical religion. To see him only in Christ tends to a narrow, intolerant, and formal religion.

And therefore we need to go forward, not backward, into a larger sea of thought, love, and life. We need to find God as the fulness, filling all in all. Let us see him in science, in universal law, giving vitality to all our knowledge, and making nature more divinely fair. Let us see him in all the duties of our daily life, glorifying their humblest details with the warmth of devotion and the tenderness of a Father's love. Let us see him in the depths of our own soul; in the mysteries of our being, a light shining in the darkness, illuminating our reason with a reason more divine.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

HYMN AND PRAYER.

Infinite Spirit! who art round us ever,
In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen,—yet not unfelt,—if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire,
A generous act, or noble purpose wrought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling
That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy. Yet, for their dear sake
I ask whose roots planted in me are found;
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warmed,—they drink my branches' dew:
Let them not, Lord, by me be upas-shaded;
Make me, for their sake, firm and pure and true.

For their sake, too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold,
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest;
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted
When on his soul the guilt of man was pressed.

Tender and sensitive, he braved the storm,
That we might fly a well-deserved fate;
Poured forth his soul in supplication warm;
With eyes of love looked into eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed!
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean:
Oh, speak the word,—thy servant shall be healed.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club, to be printed here.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

For the following books, address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "Father Damien," Stevenson; "Madame Delphine," Cable; Scott's "Marmion"; "Festival of Song"; Smith's "History of Greece"; "Yesterdays with Authors"; "With Fire and Sword," Sienkiewicz; Pope's "Poems"; "Botticelli"; Jean Ingelow's "Poems"; "Dreamers of the Ghetto"; "Heart's-ease and Rue," Lowell; "Worthy Women of our First Century"; "Recollections of Eminent Men"; "The Divine Tragedy," Longfellow; Chambers's "Dictionary"; "The Life that Now Is," R. Collyer; "L'Abbé Constantin," Halévy; Milton's "Poems"; "The Velvet Glove," Merriman; "Abraham Lincoln," Carl Schurz; "A Doubting Heart," Annie Keary; "The Upton Letters," A. C. Benson; "Poems," E. B. Browning.

Miss Florence Everett, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., offers Livermore's "Commentaries on the New Testament," an old book, but helpful to ministers and Sunday-school teachers who have not access to recent publications. As there are a number of volumes and some duplicates, please state, in applying, what portions are especially desired (for instance, the Gospels, the Book of Acts, or the Epistle to the Romans).

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. It has been quite a while since I wrote to the *Cheerful Letter*. As I seldom get any reading, I write again. I live in the country and seldom get to church, and I would appreciate any good reading for myself and two children, a girl and boy, and I

should be proud of motto cards or used post-cards for my children. May God bless you all in the good work you are doing for the poor. Mrs. Lula Wofford, R.R. 2, Box 13, Athens, Texas.

2. Would it be possible for me to get a teacher's index Bible, bold type, as it is for one with weak eyes? Also a book on knitting, crocheting, and rug-making? Mrs. A. J. McQueen, Rowland, North Carolina.

3. Mrs. Minnie Gest, 409 Front Street, Defiance, Ohio, wishes very much a copy of "Oldtown Folks," by H. B. Stowe.

4. Mrs. Helen M. Warner, New Boston, New Hampshire, asks for the *Scientific American* for 1907-08.

5. It has been a long time since I have made a request for reading. As the long winter evenings draw near, they will be so sad and lonely, as I have lately lost my dear mother. I would like to be remembered with books and magazines. I would like "John Halifax," "The Pilgrim's Progress," also a Life of Christ, or any good reading, also post-cards and letters. (Mrs.) Mary E. Shelton, Campbell, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 41.

6. Mrs. R. E. Sargent, Payson, Oklahoma, will be grateful for copies of *Dumb Animals* and *Our Four-footed Friends*.

7. Will you please send me copies of *Dumb Animals* and *Our Four-footed Friends*? I will also appreciate anything by Bangs, Loomis, Parker, or Mark Twain. Thanking you very much, I am, very cordially, Mrs. L. L. Draughon, Whitakers, North Carolina. R. F. D. No. 4. [It is best to give the whole name of an author. Ed.]

8. Please do not think me selfish by asking you to kindly remember me again with some good novels. I would be glad to get *The Housekeeper*. Reading is my only enjoyment, and I am so fond of good books. I am among strangers. (Miss) J. R. Worden, 1115 Lyon Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

9. May I be kindly remembered with some reading this winter? Any kind of books or periodicals suitable for both old and young. I thank all that have so kindly remembered me in the past and have given my family, self, and friends so much pleasure. Mrs. Ada V. Wann, Wannville, Alabama, Jackson County.

10. Miss Mitford Quisenberry, Marion, Virginia, asks for "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," arranged by Mrs. M. W. Tileston.

11. Mrs. Sallie B. Jones, Route 5, Brookville, Ohio, asks for the *Ladies' World*, *Good Housekeeping*, and "Ben Hur."

12. Mrs. J. W. Simpson, Raines, Virginia, will be very glad of any reading.

13. It has been a long time since I wrote to the dear *Cheerful Letter*. My Post-office is now Critz, Virginia. Will you please send me some good reading for myself and little girl, age eleven years? I should also enjoy letters. I am often very lonely. I am a miller's wife, and we are in poor circumstances, not able to buy reading matter. Mrs. Katie Merritt, Critz, Virginia.

14. Mrs. Wade Owen, Athens, Texas, R. F. D. No. 2, will be grateful for an old book "Pique," by S. S. Ellis. Mrs. Owen will be thirty on New Year's day, and will be pleased to receive souvenir cards on that date.

15. Mrs. Malinda A. Thomas, Fagg, Virginia, will be glad of any reading.

16. Mrs. M. E. Oades is now living in a very lonely little village by the sea, ninety-one miles from her old home. She writes, "Good reading will be very much appreciated in this far-away place." Address Mrs. Oades at Moclipso, Wash.

17. Mrs. Beulah Moore, Campbell, North Carolina, Box 63, Route 1, is an invalid and asks to be remembered again this winter with reading. She has six children attending school, which leaves her alone so much that she will appreciate the reading and pass it along.

REMOVED.

Mrs. Kate Merritt, from Verano to Spencer, Virginia.

Mrs. Lelia Dodson, from Verano, Virginia, present address unknown.

Miss Elinor Jackson, from St. George, to Tenants' Harbor, Maine.

Mrs. M. A. Thomas's address should be Fagg, Virginia.

AT REST.

Miss Jennie L. Ford, Munroe Centre, Maine, died Aug. 25, 1909.

George Bradley, La Otto, Indiana.

THE HOME STUDY.

The Home Study Department is in need of workers, and will be very grateful for all offers of assistance in this line.

The work is very simple. After the first letter, which enables you to know just what is required in lessons and text-books, the work advances of its own accord; and, ordinarily, will take but a short time, once in two or three weeks, to correct the previous lesson and assign the new.

As most of the requests are for elementary branches, it will be easy for one to keep in advance of the pupil.

Mrs. E. E. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass., is ready to give what assistance she can in starting the work, and has plenty of names of those waiting to be started.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

EDUCATION.

Education is made up of three grand divisions. First, Instruction, or knowledge communicated to the intellect; second, Training, or exercise of the faculties; third, Development, or education in its special meaning,—the unfolding of the whole nature of man. These three constitute Education in its largest sense.

Of all this education, the school and college contributes a part, but a much larger part comes from other sources. Nature educates, life educates, society educates. Outward circumstances, inward experiences, and social influences make up a large part of human culture. But at present let us see what schools ought to do, what they actually do, and what they might do.

A boy begins to go to school, say at seven years of age; and he leaves college, say at twenty-one years. He has then spent fourteen years in study, and the object of nearly all his study has been to store his mind with knowledge. What, then, does he know?

After fourteen years' study he ought to know a good deal. First, to speak, read, and write his own language well, and to be acquainted with its principal authors. Secondly, as so much time is given to Latin and Greek, he ought to be able to read easily a Latin or Greek work at sight. Next, he should know the main facts of geography and universal history, and the chief dates of political events,—also such facts in the history of Greece, Rome, France, Italy, England, Spain, Germany, and the United States. He should read easily two or three modern languages. Then, in sci-

ence, he should know the present condition of geology, chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, botany. He should understand the condition and progress of the useful arts and the fine arts, and some elements of theology, medicine, and law. He ought to know something of social science, including politics and political economy. Finally, he ought to know something about his own body and soul, his faculties and powers, the laws of thought and of physical culture. In fourteen years ought there not to be learned at least as much as this?

Now what is the fact in the majority of cases? Usually that, when he leaves college, he knows enough to translate Virgil and Cicero without a dictionary, enough Greek to translate the *Iliad* with one. He has a smattering of French and possibly of one or two modern languages. He is pretty well acquainted with algebra and geometry,—and he has nearly forgotten what he learned in school of geography and history.

Does not this show that our methods of education, as yet, have not reached the point at which they aim? They do not constitute an art. For what is an art? An art is a method, based on science, of doing anything thoroughly and effectually. If the thing to be done is a useful thing, it is a useful art; if a beautiful thing, it is a fine art. For example, the making of a shoe is an art. It does not come by nature or inspiration: it has to be taught, but any one can learn to do it, so that, with moderate capacity and attention, he is sure to be able to make a real shoe when he has learned the art. Now education will become an art when a person of average capacity shall be able to teach all scholars of average capacity, so that at the end of their course they shall really *know* the thing taught in that course. At present such is not the case. If the teacher is a man of genius, an enthusiast capable of inspiring enthusiasm, and if the scholar has the power of being quickened into a like enthusiasm, then the scholar really learns, but not otherwise. Agassiz could inspire such an interest in Gasteropods and Echinoderms that a large part of his class should graduate with an intimate personal knowledge of those little people. That is the result of genius, however, not of art. What we need is to have the art of education so perfected that a teacher of average intelligence shall be able to inspire a similar ardor in each study. How can this be done? I answer, by *following the method of nature* in teaching.

How does Mother Nature teach? She takes on herself the most difficult part of all the course, and she does her work thoroughly. Hers is the real Primary School. She says, "I will take the little child who knows nothing, and I will teach him to know the use of his own body, the nature of the world about him, and the articulate language of his country." And she does it. The little thing learns to see, hear, touch, taste, walk; to jump, run, climb, hold objects, know what is hard and soft, heavy and light, round and square; to know wood, stone, earth, water, air; to distinguish between things near and distant, sounds remote and close by. Finally, she teaches him to speak a language, he having no other language to learn it by. When I learn Latin, I do it by finding the equivalent in Latin of some English word which I already know. But the little child, learning his own language, has no words to learn by. It is one of the most marvelous things,—if it were not so common we should see it,—a little child learning to speak. The difficulties he surmounts are far greater than we should encounter in learning Chinese or Sanskrit. And, observe, he does not acquire a smattering of language, but he learns it thoroughly, so as to be able to use it for all practical purposes.

Now, how does the dear mother do all this? What is her method?

First, she mixes nine parts of pleasure and one of pain, nine of hope and one of fear, in her system. We do just the opposite in ours. We imagine the child is not studying if it is having a good time. In Nature's school it is only studying when it is happy, it only works when it is at play. See the little child at play, or perhaps at what its mother calls mischief: it is trying to make its shoe swim in a basin of water. Stop, mamma! don't scold, it is learning a lesson in hydrostatics. What! it has broken the window with its ball, and stands absorbed at that mystery of broken glass? Well, it was becoming acquainted with the nature of an elastic body, and by accident has learned what is cohesive and frangible. It is digging in the mud; it is paddling in the water; it is shovelling sand. You call it play, but you never worked half as hard in what you call your study; that is, you never put your faculties into anything with such intensity and concentration as that child is now doing.

He is learning thoroughly the qualities and relations of things. He is learning to know surface and substance; to distinguish

between æriform, fluid and solid; to know what is ductile, what malleable, what flexible. He is becoming acquainted with lateral strength, cohesive force, specific gravity. He is studying statics and dynamics; the law of accelerating forces; the power of the lever, the inclined plane, the wheel and axle. He is learning equilibrium, rotation, angular motion, and the like. To be sure, he does not learn all these fine words; but he learns the things meant by them. He learns the *things* with delight in Nature's school: by and by, in ours, he shall learn their *names* with disgust and difficulty.—James Freeman Clarke, *Introduction to "Self-Culture."*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

We have long been familiar with the fact that, upon the discovery of uninhabited islands, the birds making their homes there meet the invaders of their premises in the most friendly manner. Experience, however, soon gives them better knowledge of the average man, for the stories of the brutality with which these confiding advances are usually met is enough to discourage one's faith in humanity.

Dr. Harley gives an interesting account of birds learning by experience the opposite lesson of confidence. "An instance of the confidence our native wild birds may be led to repose in man I witnessed at Walton Hall in Yorkshire when during the winter time I visited its squire, the well-known Charles Waterton. . . Mr. Waterton was such a lover of the feathered tribe, he never allowed a gun to be fired in his deer park, or any of the birds inhabiting it to be otherwise disturbed. The result was that during the inclement winter weather the twenty-five-acre-sized lake in it was crowded with all imaginable varieties of our native waterfowl, and so friendly were they that they permitted Mr. Waterton and his visitors, me among the rest, to walk close up and to stand beside them. Yet these very same birds, when outside of the walls of the domain, would not allow any human being whatever to come so much as within gunshot of them if they could possibly prevent it." And again the same writer says: "Captain Doughty of H. M. S. 'Constance' tells me that . . . on several islands of the Southern Ocean he found the tropical birds so little fearful of man's approach that he not only walked up close to them while they were sitting upon their nests,

but actually extracted from their tails the beautiful scarlet feathers without the birds manifesting the slightest sign of fear. Indeed, all the notice they took of the procedure was to express their disapprobation of the act by turning their heads around and pecking at his hands while he pulled the feathers out. On no single occasion did they attempt to fly or even so much as to leave the nest."

An interesting story of a bluebird's learning by experience was told me by a long-time student of bird-life in captivity in an aviary. She was the very efficient secretary of the Pennsylvania Audubon Society, and her truthfulness and correctness of observation are above suspicion.

She had two bluebirds, the male a cage-made cripple, incapable of freedom, but cheerful and contented in captivity, the female with wing-feathers so injured that she could not fly. The two were kept in a cage together. They did not quarrel, but neither did they take much notice of each other, being apparently perfectly indifferent. After some weeks the female moulted and came out in perfect plumage, upon which the cage door was opened for her that she might have her freedom. According to the writers on caging birds, who usually know nothing about such cage life as this lady provided for her captives, the one thing for which all caged birds pine is freedom, and naturally they would suppose this bluebird would accept hers with delight.

(Lest I be misunderstood, let me here make my oft-repeated statement that I do not approve of caging wild birds, that I never had a bird caught nor a nest disturbed for my study; but, when birds are injured, or born in a cage, as the canary, or have been so long in captivity that they seem unable to take care of themselves, I think the kindest thing one can do is to make them so happy in captivity that they do not care for freedom, having learned the comforts of protection, shelter, and an unfailing food supply; and this can be done by one willing to take the trouble. Nothing is more cruel than to force freedom upon a canary, which is often lauded as a righteous act,—a bird born in a cage, of caged ancestors, who knows nothing of outside life or of caring for itself. It is simply dooming the pet to a speedy death.)

Now let me resume my story. The captive bluebird did not hurry out upon this invitation, but after a while, almost as if accidentally, she stepped out of the door, and, after looking calmly around, flew into

the garden, and finally disappeared. Her cage-mate then first showed concern. He began to call, and seemed so unhappy that his kind-hearted mistress was greatly disturbed.

A whole day went by, and the next afternoon the mistress was called to see a strange sight,—a bluebird trying to get into the cage, while the bird within was wild with excitement and calling in the sweetest tones.

She hurried to the spot and found the wanderer trying to squeeze herself in between the bars of the cage. The door was thrown open at once, and instantly the returned bird flew in, jumped upon a perch, and fell to a vigorous dressing of plumage. Then followed a great chattering. "Nothing could be funnier," says the amused observer, "than her air of telling what a horrid thing it was to be free. She ate and drank, and seemed utterly content."

Many instances could be given of birds returning to their cages after being set free, having learned to appreciate the comforts of warmth, protection, and plentiful food supply.

An English lady with whom I have corresponded has tamed many birds by taking them from the nest and keeping them till well grown, then opening the window and doors to them, while still having always a supply of food ready for them. Thus she has on her grounds a colony of birds who, while living and nesting outside, come freely into her house for dainties from her hand, or to sing to her.—"*The Bird our Brother*," Olive Thorne Miller.

BIOGRAPHY: FRANCES POWER COBBE.

FRIENDS IN BRISTOL.

What is Chance? How often does that question recur in the course of every history, small or great? My whole course of life was deflected by the mishap of stepping a little awry out of a train at Bath, and miscalculating the height of the platform which is there unusually low. I had gone to spend a day with a friend, and on my way back to Bristol I thus sprained my ankle. I was at that time forty years of age (a date I now, alas, regard as quite the prime of life!), and in splendid health and spirits, fully intending to continue for the rest of my days laboring on the same lines as prospects of usefulness might open. I remember feeling the delight of walking over the springy sward of the Downs and

laughing, as I said to myself, "I do believe I could walk down anybody and perhaps talk down anybody, too!" The next week I was a poor cripple on crutches, never to take a step without them for four long years, during which period I grew practically into an old woman, and (unhappily for me) into a very large and heavy one, for want of the exercise to which I had been accustomed. The morning after my mishap, finding my ankle much swollen, and being in a great hurry to go on with my work, I sent for one of the principal surgeons in Bristol, who bound the limb so tightly that the circulation (always rather feeble) was impeded, and every sort of distressful condition supervened. Of course the surgeon threw the blame on me for attempting to use the leg; but it was very little I *could* do in this way even if I had tried, without excessive pain, and, after a few weeks, I went to London in the full confidence that I had only to bespeak "the best advice" to be speedily cured. I did get what all the world would still consider the "best advice," but bad was that best. Guineas I could ill spare ran away like water while the great surgeon came and went, doing me no good at all, the evil conditions growing daily worse. I returned from London and spent some wretched months at Clifton. An artery, I believe, was stopped, and there was danger of inflammation of the joint. At last with infinite regret I gave up the hope of ever recovering such activity as would permit me to carry on my work either in the schools or workhouse. No one who has not known the miseries of lameness, the perpetual contention with ignoble difficulties which it involves, can judge how hard a trial it is to an active mind to become a cripple.

Still believing, in my simplicity, that great surgeons might remedy every evil, I went again to London to consult the most eminent; and by the mistake of a friend it chanced that I summoned two very great personages on the same day, though, fortunately, at different hours. The case was, of course, of the simplest; but the two gentlemen gave me precisely opposite advice. One sent me abroad to certain baths, which proved to be the wrong ones for my trouble, and gave me a letter to his friend there, a certain baron. The moment the baron-doctor saw my foot he exclaimed that it ought never to have been allowed to get into the state of swollen veins and arrested circulation in which he found it; astringents and all sorts of measures ought to have been applied. In truth, I was in a most miser-

able condition, for I could not drop the limb for two minutes without the blood running into it till it became like an ink-bottle, when, if I held it up, it became as white as if dead. And all this had been getting worse and worse while I was consulting ten doctors in succession, and chiefly the most eminent in England! The baron-doctor first told me that the waters *would* bring out the gout, and then, when I objected, assured me they should *not* bring it out, after which I relinquished the privilege of his visits, and he charged for an entire course of treatment.

The second great London surgeon told me *not* to go abroad, but to have a gutta-percha boot made for my leg to keep it stiff. I had the boot made (with much distress and expense), took it abroad in my trunk, and asked the successor of the baron-doctor (who could make the waters give the gout or not as he pleased), "whether he advised me to wear the wonderful machine?" The good old Frenchman, who was also mayor of his town, and who did me more good than anybody else, replied cautiously, "If you wish, madame, to be lame for life, you will wear that boot. A great many English come to us here to be unstiffened after having had their joints stiffened by English surgeons' devices of this sort, but we can do nothing for them. A joint once thoroughly stiff can never be restored." It may be guessed that the expensive boot was quietly deposited on the nearest heap of rubbish.

After that experience I tried the baths in Savoy and others in Italy, but my lameness seemed permanent. A great Italian doctor could think of nothing better than to put a few walnut leaves on my ankle—a process which might perhaps have effected something in fifty years! Only the good and great Nelaton, whom I consulted in Paris, told me he believed I should recover sometime; but he could not tell me anything to do to hasten the event. Returned to London I sent for Sir William Fergusson, and that honest man, on hearing my story, said simply: "And, if you had gone to nobody and not bandaged your ankle, but merely bathed it, you would have been well in three weeks." Thus I learned from the best authority that I had paid for the folly of consulting an eminent surgeon for a common sprain by four years of miserable helplessness and by the breaking up of my whole plan of life.

Finally I ceased to do anything whatever to my unfortunate ankle except what most of my advisers had forbidden,—namely, to

walk upon it,—and a year or two afterwards I climbed Cader Idris, walking quietly with my friend to the summit. Sitting there on the Giants' Chair we passed an unanimous resolution. It was, "*Hang the doctors!*"

December 26th. I spent yesterday and last night with my kind friends the Hills at Heath House. In the evening I drew out the Recorder to speak of questions of evidence, and he told me many remarkable anecdotes in his own practice at the bar, of doubtful identity, etc. On one occasion a case was tried three times; and he observed how the *certainty* of the witnesses, the clearness of details, and unhesitating asseveration of facts which at first had been doubtfully stated, *grew* in each trial. He said, "The most dangerous of all witnesses are those who *honestly* give *false* witness—a numerous class."

Today he invited me to walk with him on his terrace and up and down the approach. The snow lay thick on the grass, but the sun shone bright, and I walked for more than an hour and a half beside the dear old man.* He told me how he had by degrees learned to distrust all ideas of retribution, and to believe in the "aggressive power of love and kindness" (a phrase Lady Byron had liked); and how at last it struck him that all this was in the New Testament; and that few, except religious Christians, ever aided the great causes of philanthropy. I said it was quite true. Christ had revealed that religion of love; and that there were unhappily very few who, having intellectually doubted the Christian creed, pressed on further to any clear or fervent religion beyond; but that without religion,—*i.e.*, love of God,—I hardly believed it possible to work for man.

I could write more of Bristol and Clifton friends, high and low, but must draw this chapter of my life to a close. I went to Bristol an utter stranger, knowing no human being there. I left it after a few years all peopled, as it seemed to me, with kind souls, and without one single remembrance of anything else but kindness received there either from gentle or simple.—*Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.*

Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—*George S. Merriam.*

* Matthew Davenport Hill.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

METAGRAM.

1. I am a word of four letters meaning a fabric of fine thread: change the first letter and the following words will appear:—

2. A contest in running.
3. A fish.
4. Exterior form or appearance.
5. A kind of spice.
6. A step.

II.

REVERSIBLE WORDS.

1. Read forward, a conjunction; read backward, an open wooden vessel.

2. Forward, judgment; backward, manner.

3. Forward, Arabian chieftain; backward, hoarfrost.

4. Forward, to deface; backward, to butt against.

5. Forward, a small, narrow opening; backward, a puddle.

III.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In water, but not in unbind.

In evident, but not in magnolia.

In beast, but not in gosling.

In schooner, but not in lockage.

In tree, but not in gill.

In élite, but not in Indian.

In reappoint, but not in hodman.

My whole gives the names of two United States senators from Massachusetts.

IV.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Sixteen Hidden Countries.

Little Willie went into town with Mr. Alden marketing one day. What did Willie do, being frightened, but crouch in a corner of a car. The run to the city was soon made, as the train stopped at neither crossings nor way stations. Close by the depot, enveloped in vapor, tug "Alphonso" was tied up at the wharf. On the tug Willie saw an American, a Dane, and an Irishman.

He heard the Dane say the surf ran ceaselessly in the bay the night before. Mr. Alden and Willie soon came to the meat shop of Straus & Pol, and there made purchases. Mr. Alden inquired, "These sausages are how much? I like them dearly. I see here a beef fore leg, but have you a hind, I ask?" Willie saw a short butcher chopping a chicken gland with a cleaver, "Take care," a larger man yelled, "and don't cut your fingers!" Mr. Alden could not pay his bill as the Straus trial kept the proprietor and cashier in court. As they left the shop a red-capped Turk eyed Willie fiercely.

Other marketing done, Mr. Alden took Willie to see the paper Siamese twins. "The boy cannot pass," said the gate-keeper, "as we deny admittance to children except on Sundays." Then Mr. Alden and Willie left the noisy "rialto" for their quiet home. *Youth's Companion.*

Answers to Puzzles in December Number.

I.—DOUBLE ZIGZAG:—

S C A R A B E E
S T R A N D E D
C O N S E R V E
D I G I T A T E
R E C R E A N T
P H O N E T I C
O P H I D I A N
P L A N T A I N
P L A Y D A Y S
C O N S O R T S

II. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Paul Revere. 2. Benjamin Franklin. 3. Daniel Webster. 4. Elisha Kellogg. 5. Mark Twain.

III. WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS.—1. F. Hopkinson Smith. 2. Winston Churchill. 3. Ellen Glasgow. 4. Thomas Nelson Page. 5. E. Phillips Oppenheim.

IV. GAME OF STATES.—1. Ark. 2. Tenn. 3. Wash. 4. Penn. 5. Kan. 6. Md. 7. Ill. 8. Mass. 9. Del.

If a strenuous soul be sad, so much the worse for him and his cause. So far he is a man of mistake and unfaith. He is trying to shoulder more of the universe than one man can carry. More than a man can carry comfortably is a man's share,—there is so much to be carried. We ought to strain and stagger at times,—but not to stagger long-faced.—*W. C. Gannett, "A Recipe for Good Cheer."*

A CALENDAR FOR JANUARY, 1910.

January 1. Saturday.

THIS is the first thing to remember if we wish for a happy year: that pleasure, which comes from without, is evanescent, but happiness, which comes from within, is permanent.

I wish you through this whole year a heart right toward God—hands ready to help your fellow-man.

January 2. Sunday.

A DAY to lift up the soul to God and bring man nearer to his brother. Let every Sunday sing the angels' song to all human hearts, of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

January 3. Monday.

IF we live millions of years, nothing can happen to us more wonderful than this,—that we have begun to be, that we are born into this great universe, infinite in extent, everlasting in duration, and filled with the presence of divine power, wisdom, and love.

January 4. Tuesday.

To get the most out of the coming year we must put the most into it. We do this by living in a spirit of earnestness, doing with our might what our hands find to do, receiving each golden hour as a precious gift from God.

January 5. Wednesday.

EVERY day we rise to a great career, a grand opportunity. Into the smallest work and act we may put the most divine or the most devilish spirit.

January 6. Thursday.

LET us not think lightly of our destiny. Christ, it is said, was "before Abraham" in the purpose of God; he was foreordained, before the foundation of the world, to be the Saviour of mankind. But each of us was also foreordained before the foundation of the world.

January 7. Friday.

THINK also this,—that each of us has been created for a special work, that each is an essential part of the great whole, and

that, as the soul is unfolded and we are developed more and more, we shall find ourselves here for a special mission.

January 8. Saturday.

YOU can put into a minute of time only just so much manual labor, but you can add to the same minute thought and love.

January 9. Sunday.

THE higher the life, the more of external help it needs for its development. Man, the highest of all creatures, does not live by bread only, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.

January 10. Monday.

LET us remember that we are never asked to do a duty but that power will be given us with which to do it. This year let us lean more and more on this inward inspiration; let us be sure that this comfort, this light, this guidance, this strength and peace, may always be ours.

January 11. Tuesday.

WE have been placed in one of the many mansions of our Father's house, to grow up into what he means us to be. But, to make the most of life, we must feel what an unspeakable gift is bestowed on each of us, in that we live.

January 12. Wednesday.

MANY people walk about the world as in a dream. But duty is in the present, love is in the present, all real life is in the present; and heart, mind, and hand must be weakened by not taking hold of the present with energy.

January 13. Thursday.

NATURE is the teacher of the intellect, but labor forms the character. Nature makes us acquainted with facts and laws; but labor teaches tenacity of purpose, perseverance in action, decision, resolution, and self-respect.

January 14. Friday.

PLENTY of work makes life full.... Work is the real bread which comes down from heaven, and is gathered every morning by man going forth to his labor.

January 15. Saturday.

THE hard routine of work into which no love and thought enter leaves us in a lethargy. To "redeem the time" we must look up, not down. Seeking things below takes our strength away. Waiting on the Lord for his higher gifts renews us day by day.

January 16. Sunday.

IN order to be forever young, we must have this life which is "hid with Christ in God," the life in two worlds,—that of sense and time, that of soul and eternity. Then no event is simply material. There is a meaning in all, intelligent purpose, divine wisdom.

January 17. Monday.

TRUE human progress often consists rather in taking the good of our position and bearing its evils than in breaking away from inharmonious relations. The heart grows great and noble by manfully meeting and bearing the great trials of life.

January 18. Tuesday.

WE all have within us the principle of immortal youth. Thought is always young. Knowledge never grows old. Joy in the beauty of nature, in the work of daily duty, in the divine love, gives to age the charm of childhood.

January 19. Wednesday.

NOR only genius, but goodness, lengthens our days. To those who acquire the habit of helping others, giving comfort, cheerfulness, strength, wherever they go, much is given in return,—contentment, trust in God, confidence in their fellow-men, sweet hopes, peaceful memories.

January 20. Thursday.

A SINGLE act of genuine, sincere, thorough-going fidelity raises us at once to a higher plane; and our whole life proceeds henceforth by a nobler, manlier measure.

January 21. Friday.

WE may walk every day into heaven, as we walk down the street. According to the state of our soul, we shall keep company with devils or with angels.

January 22. Saturday.

THEREFORE for every idle word shall a man give an account in the day of judgment, because his idle words are all polarized by the central magnetism which governs his soul.

January 23. Sunday.

A DAY in which no gloom is allowable, a day on which every one of the family should bring all his gifts of good humor and inventions of kindness to the rest.

January 24. Monday.

IN times like these, when there is so much to distract our thoughts, it is necessary to learn to concentrate our aims on some one important purpose. Self-consecration is that which gives unity, content, and value to life.

January 25. Tuesday.

IF we resolve on a noble and generous direction of our life, then angels and arch-angels, holy and pure spirits, will be our companions and inward monitors; for, as we are inwardly, so shall we be surrounded outwardly.

January 26. Wednesday.

DO not run after happiness, but seek to do good, and you will find that happiness will run after you. The day will dawn full of expectation, the night fall full of repose. This world will seem a very good place, and the world to come a better place still.

January 27. Thursday.

DEATH is serious, but life more so. We have no responsibility about dying, but a great deal about living.

January 28. Friday.

FAITH not only leads to work, but the effort to work leads to faith. Always the deepest religious experience is born of the strongest moral purpose.

January 29. Saturday.

PRAY for the chance of making some great sacrifice; or, rather, find such an opportunity for yourself. Look for it, for it is very nigh thee now. Angel opportunities come to us every day and we entertain them unawares.

January 30. Sunday.

DEAR Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding-feast,
Change water into wine:

Come visit us; and, when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

January 31. Monday.

GAY mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us to turn
Life's water into wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine.

A correspondent is anxious to obtain a Biography of George Ripley, or any book which gives an account of the Brook Farm movement. Can any one lend such a book? There is none in the library of the Alliance.

A member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is anxious to procure an old novel, printed many years ago, called "Lords and Ladies." There is no copy in the "Boston Athenæum" or the "Boston Public Library." She will pay a reasonable price for it.

Address for the last two requests Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, the kindly lightings of the eyes, sweet and restful lines around the lips, clear shining of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly,—these things, which no parent makes inevitably ours, no fitful week or two of goodness gives, no schooling of the visage. Only *habitual* nobleness and graciousness secure them, but this will bring them all.—*William C. Gannett.*

A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. But what is commonly called sacrifice is the best, happiest use of one's self and one's resources, the best investment of time, strength, and means.—*S. C. Armstrong.*

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The Editor has made this a "James Freeman Clarke" number, because the year 1910 is Dr. Clarke's centennial year.

The Calendar (for January) is taken from one printed about eighteen years ago, consisting of selections from the writings of Dr. Clarke. This will not, of course, be continued through the year; but the calendar of 1891 was published so long ago that most persons have forgotten it, and it seemed a pleasant way to begin the year.

We shall have *something* from the writings of Dr. Clarke in every number; though, of course, it would be impossible to give anything like an idea, even, of what he has written in one year. It would take *ten* years at least to do any kind of justice to such a subject. But we can give an extract each month, probably from a different book. This month it is from "Self-culture," a book which has been more popular and more useful than any other except perhaps "Ten Great Religions!" Several times those who have read "Self-culture" have spoken of its making all life new to them.

The "Letters of a Sister" have now come to an end. This series of articles is the only one among those we have printed, intended not so much for the remote shut-ins, as for those who are interested in the literary life of Boston in the early part of the nineteenth century and the brilliant circle of distinguished men and women who lived at that period.

The articles from the "Life of Frances Power Cobbe" will not run through the year. There will be only two or three more. But so many readers expressed an interest in them that it seemed worth while to have a few more, after an interval of about a year and a half, given to other biographies.

Next year we shall perhaps take another person or a special subject. The Editor is always glad to receive suggestions from readers of the *Cheerful Letter*, in regard to anything which may be done to make the paper more interesting.

The first lesson of life is to burn our own smoke; that is, not to inflict on outsiders our personal sorrows and petty morbidness, not to keep thinking of ourselves as exceptional cases.—*James Russell Lowell.*

There is no man, in fine, so miserable as he that is at a loss how to spend his time.—*Sir Roger L'Estrange, after Seneca.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Irene C. Rees, 51 Orchard Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Lily Blunt Porter.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

There will be a meeting of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange on Friday, January 7, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The Home Study Work of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to Headquarters.

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Secretary, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Any subscriber not receiving the paper regularly is requested to notify the Secretary.

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